National Tribune.

"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan."

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GEN'L O. O. HOWARD'S

Personal Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion.

POPE IN THE SADDLE.

The Movements Preliminary to the Second Bull Run.

AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

Lee's Flanking Process--Pope's Plans Frustrated.

By Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.

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XVII.

I promised to prepare a paper concerning the operations and battles which occurred on the plains of Manassas, August 28th, 29th and 30th, 1862. The field is variously named Second Bull Run, Groveton, Gainesville and Manassas. We usually say the second battle of Bull Run, while the Confederates name it in their reports the second battle of Manassas.

Since I have commenced my task, and find the material very abundant, I have decided to furnish a mere summary of General Pope's operations from the time he took command, June 26th, to August 31st, 1862, simply with a view to a connected history.

This period of our great war is one replete with interest. It excited more virulent controversies—which are still as sharp and undecided as they were twenty years ago—than any corresponding period of our struggle.

The Honorable Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, was no mere figure-head. He was a man who always had plans of his own, and was very positive in his opinions and measures concerning them. He was accustomed to probe and test everything in a lawyer-like way by individual cases. The detective force under him had a careful selection and organization. Its chief appears to have furnished Mr. Stanton not merely information concerning the enemy in arms, but concerning every phase of discontent and careless talk of individuals and families, many of whom had been deemed loyal to our flag and been allowed to participate in the offices of public trust within and without the army. By the help of his secret information and his strong will Mr. Stanton, immediately after he came to the War Department, began to turn and overturn, with a view to eliminate every disloyal element. As the anti-slavery sentiment—constantly growing in the country, and faster in the West than in the East—was evidently coming in to dominate public affairs, Mr. Stanton, abandoning his former political creed on the subject, became fully penetrated with this sentiment. He very soon began to make the attitude of all officials with reference to this question, within the reach of his influence or control, a test of loyalty to the Union. The mere Union savers, those who sought simply to restore the Union as it was, soon became to Mr. Stanton, in the ferment of our revolution, what the Girondins of France were to Danton the moment the Jacobins had secured the control there. If my statement be historically correct, we need but to follow this strong man in his influence in the Cabinet, in the Congress, in the committees of investigation, in every branch of the large armies, mainly under his executive control, and elsewhere, to account for the ferment which had been long perceptible in the conduct of military operations in the East. This ferment, which had divided the four small armies under Wadsworth in Washington, Fremont in West Virginia, Banks in the Valley, and McDowell at Fredericksburg, and had resulted in defeating or non-plussing them all, and perhaps, as his friends claim, in causing the discomfiture of McClellan and driving him with his forces to Harrison's Landing, did not fully break out into a boiling cauldron till about the period of which I write.

GENERAL HALLECK'S REGIME.

Discarding Fremont, Banks, Wadsworth, McDowell and McClellan,—our five Eastern chiefs,—it imported a successful officer from the far West—Gen. John Pope—and made him the rival of McClellan, commanding all the other forces named beside his. But the revolutionary element, seeing that the antagonisms awakened would be fatal to our cause, went a step further and brought what was believed to be the best organizing brain among military men—that of General Halleck—to Washington. Under his general administration in the West, great things had been done by Pope, Grant, Farragut and others in the Mississippi Valley. He was now called to wield an imperious scepter over all our erratic, restive, and ambitious commanders.

With General Halleck in command, and the strong-willed Mr. Stanton in the War Office, it is no wonder that the great heart of Abraham Lincoln, endeavoring to follow a changing but wholesome public conviction, often bowed his head under the weight of heavy care. Once he said, in his peculiar humorous sadness, when a case of plain justice to a soldier was pressed upon him: "We'll see, for I haven't much influence with this administration!"

He did, however, take control whenever it became clear to his mind that he must exert his authority. But those were strange times. Providence alone could hold all the elements in its grasp.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S HANDS TIED.

After reaching Harrison's Landing, General McClellan entreated permission to remain, be re-enforced, and with the James as a base, again approach Richmond on one bank or the other of the river. Mr. Lincoln at first appeared to favor this course. But General Pope and General Halleck expressed themselves decidedly against it. Pope says: "When first General McClellan began to intimate by his dispatches that he designed making this movement toward the James River, I suggested to the President of the United States the impolicy of such a movement and the serious consequences which would be likely to result from it, and urged upon him that he should send orders to General McClellan that if he were unable to maintain his position upon the Chickahominy, and were pressed by superior forces of the enemy, to mass his whole force on the north side of that stream, even at the risk of losing much material of war, and endeavor to make his way in the direction of Hanover Court-House; but in no event to retreat with his army further to the south than the White House on York River."

Pope predicted that the consequences of such a retreat would be to take away from the two armies every chance of mutual support, and give to the Confederates, whenever they should wish it, the choice of an exchange of Richmond for Washington. "To them the loss of Richmond would be trifling, while the loss of Washington to us would be conclusive, or nearly so, in its results on this war." He earnestly and repeatedly urged his views upon Mr. Stanton and Mr. Lincoln. He did not prevail, so as to prevent the movement south of McClellan's army to Harrison's Landing. But after that retreat Pope certainly showed great kindness of feeling in writing McClellan, and seeking from him some sort of concert of action, and promising to "carry out his wishes with all energy and with all the means at his command." He was discouraged by McClellan's reply, for it gave no hope of any sort of accommodation. It is not wonderful that McClellan should reply coolly and in general terms to any overtures from Pope, for Pope had been selected for his supposed energy and ability, and placed where he was, not as an adjunct or support, but as a rival, and probably a successor. So the officers of the army thought, and so they talked, till partisanship of words and feeling ran high—seldom higher.

POPE TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE.

General Halleck came to command both. He determined that Pope should commence direct operations against Richmond and Lee; that McClellan's army should come back from the Peninsula and strongly re-enforce him. Pope was to be remarkably forward and bold in his advance, so as, by drawing the Confederate hosts upon himself, to free McClellan from pressure and enable him to transport his army speedily to the Potomac and the Rappahannock. Such was the new plan.

General Pope rapidly concentrated his forces, bringing Fremont's force, now under Sigel, to Sperryville, Ricketts' division of McDowell's corps to Waterloo Bridge, and Banks' to Little Washington. His cavalry, about 5,000 strong, under Bayard and Hatch, was kept out well ahead toward the Rapidan. This army, thus made up, amounted in round numbers to about 40,000 men. It was well located for the purpose in view. Pope's cavalry had been for some time pushing down the railroads and destroying them, and Hatch, the cavalry commander, was ordered to go even as far as Gordonsville and disarrange that important junction, a point of vital connection between Richmond and the Shenandoah Valley. But Hatch does not seem to have caught Pope's zeal and fire; he waited for artillery and infantry, and, therefore, to everybody's sorrow, lost his grand opportunity, because Robert Lee divined the purpose of Hatch, and promptly sent thither Stonewall Jackson. Hatch was relieved of this cavalry command by General Buford.

With slight but unimportant changes this army held the line of the Rapidan with its cavalry until the 7th of August. On that day General Pope reviewed Sigel's command at Sperryville, after which he rode to Culpeper Court-House, already held by Banks. Hearing that the enemy were crossing the Rapidan at different points and coming toward him with infantry and artillery, he, like David of old, drew toward the enemy, concentrating in the vicinity of Culpeper. Doubtless Pope would like to have drawn off northward and westward—say to Sperryville—hugging the Bull Run range, from which he could make an early descent upon his foe, but his orders obliged him to protect the lower fords of the Rappahannock, below which, at Falmouth, he was obliged to leave King's division of McDowell's command. For even the great mind of Halleck insisted on a thing extremely difficult and next to impossible, namely, to cover two independent bases wide apart and their lines of communication—Falmouth and Washington, with their several roadways leading to his position.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

Something remarkable and very annoying troubled General Pope. His order to General Sigel at Sperryville to join him at once was not immediately obeyed. The evening of the 8th Pope says: "To my surprise, I received after night on the 8th a note from General Sigel, dated at Sperryville at half past six o'clock that afternoon, asking me by what road he should march to Culpeper Court-House. As there was but one road, and that a broad stone turnpike, I was at a loss to understand how General Sigel could entertain any doubt as to the road by which he should march." So Pope was disappointed in not having this corps for the next day's battle. There was another cause of annoyance that must have ruffled his temper. He sent Banks forward toward the right—toward Cedar Mountain—with all his force to meet his own retiring cavalry and the advancing foe. His instructions were, "if the enemy advanced to attack him in the strong position which I had instructed him to take up, that he should push his skirmishers well to the front and notify me immediately." With a view to helping Banks in case of need, Ricketts' division was stationed about three miles to his rear, where a road comes into the Cedar Mountain wagon road. From a misunderstanding of duplicate orders, General Banks did not comply with these instructions. On the approach of Jackson, Banks left his strong position, advanced two miles, and assailed the enemy in the most vigorous and fearless manner. He had to pass across open fields, and was obliged to assail Jackson posted in a strong position with excellent cover. The terrible struggle between these troops of Banks and Jackson—Banks probably not having more than six thousand men in hand—lasted for at least an hour and a half. Against Winder's—the enemy's leading division—Banks was abundantly successful, but A. P. Hill, not far from the field, threw in his large division of fresh troops, and the affair resulted as one would expect. The enemy, having at least two to one against Banks alone, pressed back our men little by little till they occupied the strong position already named.

RICKETTS TO THE RESCUE.

To this point, hearing the artillery firing, Pope sent Ricketts' division, which arrived in time to prevent further retreat. Banks' defense for not obeying his written instructions, and for not notifying his general at once when the battle began, was a verbal order brought to him by Colonel Marshall, which General Banks caused to be reduced to writing by Major Pelouze of his staff. This order required the general to attack at once as soon as the enemy bore in sight. This was the battle of Cedar Mountain. Here we find engaged the familiar names, on our side, of Crawford, Geary, Prince, Greene and Gordon, commanding brigades; also, McDowell, Ricketts, and finally Sigel's corps, brought in too late for the battle, but not too

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SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our Boys and Girls.

ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

The Confederate Fortifications and Plan of Defense.

FALL OF NEW MADRID.

An Almost Bloodless Victory for Pope and Foote.

By "Carleton."

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XII.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

There are so many islands in the Mississippi River that the pilots of the steamboats have numbered them from Cairo to New Orleans. Island No. 10 was about sixty miles below Cairo. It is washed away now, but in 1862 it was three-quarters of a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It was located in a bend of the river opposite the boundary between Tennessee and Kentucky.

Opening your map, you will see that the river runs south, then west, then northwest, and at New Madrid turns south again. The banks are low. Behind New Madrid there are swamps and bayous. On the Tennessee side there are swamps and a large lake.

THE FORTIFICATIONS.

When Fort Donelson surrendered, General Polk, who was at Columbus, saw that he must evacuate the place, for the troops could march across the country and attack him in the rear. But he thought that he could fortify Island No. 10 and hold it against the gunboats. He had the heavy guns shipped to the island. He had erected batteries on the Tennessee shore and built two forts at New Madrid, behind the town, to prevent the Union troops from coming down the Missouri side. The Confederate troops on the island would be under the necessity of receiving their supplies from steamboats, as there was no road through the swamp on the Tennessee side. The soil was so mellow and could be shoveled so easily that in a few days the earthworks were completed and the cannon mounted.

GENERAL MACKALL.

The officer sent by the Confederates to take command of the troops was General Mackall, who, upon his arrival, issued a pompous address. He said: "Soldiers, we are strangers. Let me tell you who I am. I am the general selected by Beauregard and Bragg for this command when they knew that it was in peril. Soldiers, the Mississippi Valley is intrusted to your discipline and to your patience. Exhibit the coolness and vigilance you have hitherto and hold it."

Besides the cannon in the batteries, the Confederates had six steamboats armed with cannon. There were between nine and ten thousand men. The swamps were so wide and the water in them so deep on the Tennessee side that General Mackall had no fear of being attacked from that direction. He distributed his soldiers, stationing most of them at New Madrid.

GENERAL POPE'S ADVANCE.

Now, looking once more at the map, you will see the town of Commerce, opposite Cairoi in Missouri. On February 22, 1862, General Pope, with several thousand men, landed at Commerce. The river was rising, rain falling, the mud deep. Very slow and toilsome was the march toward New Madrid. The troops could only make five miles a day.

When General Pope reached the country behind the town he found fourteen heavy guns in one fort and seven in the other—twenty-one in all,—placed to sweep all the surrounding country. There was a line of breastworks connecting the forts. The trees had been cut down and made into abatis.

"The forts are impregnable," writes an officer to the Memphis *Appeal*. "All are hopeful and ready. We will make this an American Thermopylæ."

POINT PLEASANT.

Below New Madrid ten miles, on the Missouri side, is a place called Point Pleasant. Gen. Pope quietly sent Colonel Plummer, with three regiments and a battery of rifled cannon, through the woods to take possession of it. The soldiers went to work with their shovels, and in a few minutes threw up strong embankments. The cannon were placed in position, and when a Confederate steamboat came along, they opened fire upon the astonished captain and crew. The roar of the cannon rolled along the river. Commodore Hollins, commanding the Confederate gunboats, heard it and hastened down, opened fire, but Plummer's artillerymen compelled him to withdraw, and the unpleasant conviction came to General Mackall that the river below was being blockaded; but he determined to hold the place. He had a large amount of supplies, and would defend it to the last.

SIEGE OF NEW MADRID.

It is energy that wins. On March 11 four rifled thirty-pounder siege guns reached General Pope. They arrived at sunset. The Confederates, looking out from the forts, saw nothing unusual going on in General Pope's camp. They could see the Union soldiers sitting round their camp-fires—nothing more; but when the twilight faded, Colonel Morgan's brigade, leaving their guns in camp, marched out with picks and spades. General Stanley's division accompanied them with their muskets. They marched up within eight hundred yards of the forts and begun their work. Colonel Bissell told them where to dig. All through the night the men worked in silence, for only a quarter of a mile distant the Confederate sentinels were pacing their beats.

When morning dawned there were breastworks eighteen feet thick and five feet high, and a curtain connecting them nine hundred feet long, nine feet thick, and three feet high.

In thirty-four hours from the time the guns arrived at Cairo from Pittsburgh they had been taken across the Mississippi, loaded on railroad cars, taken to Sykestown, twenty miles, dragged through the mud twenty miles, and placed in position. This work was done so quietly that the Confederate pickets heard nothing. They opened their eyes wide when, in the dawning light, they beheld the long line of earthworks. They thought it a rifle-pit, in the dim light, and opened fire, but were astonished when a shell from a 32-pounder cannon exploded above them.

It was a foggy morning; the air was still, and the deep thunder rolled far away. Commodore Hollins heard it. It woke up the slumbering Confederates. The fog lifted, and all the guns of the fleet and boats began to play. All through the day the uproar went on. Just at night General Paine's division advanced towards the lower fort, but a thunderstorm and hurricane came on, and the troops waited till it should pass.

Through the night the rain pelted them. Morning dawned, but no enemy was to be seen. A citizen of the town came towards them with a white flag, informing them that during the night General Mackall, who was going to make New Madrid a Thermopylæ, had marched his troops upon the steamboats and taken them to the Tennessee shore, spiking the guns.

The soldiers rushed into the deserted works. Before night the spikes were removed from the guns, and the heavy cannon placed upon the bank of the river.

COMMODORE FOOTE.

The gunboats, which were so badly injured at Fort Donelson, had been repaired, and on that morning were steaming down the river from Cairo to bombard Island No. 10.

I was on the gunboat Benton with Commodore Foote. The gunboats came to anchor above the Island. A man on the Missouri shore was making a signal. It was a messenger from General Pope with this dispatch: "I have possession of New Madrid. The river is closed. No escape for the enemy by water."

Admiral Foote had seven gunboats and ten thirteen-inch mortars on boats built like rafts, with thick timbers laid crosswise and bolted together.

THE MORTARS.

To fill a mortar accurately requires a good knowledge of mathematics—the relations of curves to straight lines; for the shell is fired into the air at an angle of thirty or forty degrees, and the gunner must calculate the distance from the mortar to the object he wishes to destroy. He must calculate the time it will take for the shell to pass to its highest elevation; it must burst at the right moment. Captain Maynadier had command of the mortar boats. I went on shore with him. We went out through a corn-field, across a point of land, to a farm-house. We climbed upon its roof, and had a clear view of the Confederate fortifications. It was an easy matter for us, by using a compass and by sighting the mortar boats in our direction and the batteries on Island No. 10, to calculate how far away they were and at what angle the shells ought to be fired. It was very interesting to sit there and see the flash of the mortar and the great cloud of smoke, and then to watch the shell sailing high above us, making a beautiful curve, and bursting above the enemy, sending its fragments in ever direction. It was all very interesting till we heard something coming toward us, and a solid shot came crashing through the house beneath us. The Confederates had discovered us, and the solid shot and shells came so thick and fast that it was far more interesting to be somewhere else.

THE STRONG POSITION.

The Southern people were confident that the island could not be taken. The Memphis *Argus* said: "For the enemy to get possession of Memphis and the Mississippi Valley would require an army of greater strength than Secretary Stanton can concentrate. The gunboats in which they have so much confidence have found their weakness. They cannot stand our guns of heavy caliber. Foote, the commander of the Federal fleet, served his time under Commander Hollins, and should he attempt to descend the river Hollins will teach him a lesson."

THE BOMBARDMENT.

It is a beautiful morning. The gunboats are ready. They move slowly down the stream till they are within easy cannon shot. They anchor with their bows down stream, so that they can use their heavy rifled guns.

The mortars open fire, ten of them sending the ponderous shells into the air. The gunboats open their bow ports and run out the cannon. You have seen battle pictures by great painters, but no painter can portray the grandeur of the scene—the gunboats and mortars enveloped in flame and smoke; the unfolding clouds slowly floating away; handfuls of white cloud suddenly bursting out high in air; little flashes tossed up from the eddying stream, or great columns of water suddenly spouting. A round shot skips along the water and pierces the embankment; another crashes through a tree, cutting it down in a twinkling. The air is filled with sulphurous clouds, broken timbers, branches of trees. There are deep explosions, a lifting of cart-loads of earth into the air.

There are answering shots. A thirty-pound ball strikes the upper deck of the Benton, tears up the iron plates, breaks the stout timbers, crushing them to kindlings, falls upon the lower deck, bounds once more against the timbers above, and drops into Commodore Foote's writing-desk.

In the thick of the bombardment, a gun on the St. Louis bursts, killing two men and wounding thirteen.

The gunboats stop their firing at sunset, but all night long the mortars hurl their shells upon the island.

GENERAL POPE'S PROPOSITION.

"If I had a steamboat, and if you could send down a gunboat, I would cross the river from New Madrid and take them in the rear."

Such was the message which General Pope sent to Commodore Foote.

A bright thought came to General Schuyler Hamilton, a descendant of Alexander Hamilton, who did great things for the country when this Government was established. The water was overflowing the banks of the river, filling all the bayous. He saw that if a canal were cut through a ridge of land for a short distance, and if the trees were cut from a bayou, a steamboat might leave the river above the gunboats and be taken across to New Madrid. Commodore Foote found that Island No. 10 was so strongly fortified that he could not take it. He could only carry on the fight with his bow guns and mortars, and the mortars were not doing much damage.

Engineers examined the bayous to see if the canal could be cut, and reported that they could accomplish it. Soldiers went to work once more with shovels. There were great trees along the bayous that must be sawed off four feet under water. They rigged a sawing machine on a flatboat, with an engine to drive it. So well did it work that more than one thousand trees were cut down and removed. Some

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UP THE RED RIVER.

How the Famous Banks Expedition Came to Grief.

PORTER'S MOVEMENTS.

Blocked at Springfield Landing. A Very Vexatious Retreat.

CANE RIVER CROSSING.

How the Rebels Were Outflanked and Routed.

IV.

While the scenes at Sabine Cross-roads and Pleasant Hill, as described in former chapters, were being enacted, the fleet of twenty-six transports, laden with General T. Kilby Smith's division of the 17th Army Corps and supplies for the army, convoyed by six gunboats, under command of Admiral Porter, was, as Porter expresses it in a letter to General Sherman, "slowly and painfully working its way up Red River through 'snaggy bends,' 'loggy bayous,' 'shifting rapids,' and 'rapid shutes.'" He says: "The rebels, frightened half to death, went on before us, burning all the fine cotton, but destroying none of the corn or cattle. Of these we found an abundance; and, though we only stopped at three or four places, there was enough found to more than satisfy the troops without touching the rations. * * * When I arrived at Springfield Landing I found a sight that made me laugh. It was the smartest thing I ever knew the rebels to do. They had gotten that huge steamer, 'New Falls City,' across Red River, a mile above Loggy Bayou, fifteen feet of her ashore on each side, the boat broken down in the middle, and a sand-bar forming below her. An invitation to us to attend a ball in Shreveport was kindly left stuck up by the rebels, which invitation we were unable to accept."

THE FLEET ORDERED TO RETURN.

The troops on Porter's flagboat, the Cricket, leaped ashore as soon as she touched the wharf, and, by a sudden rush, captured the guard left to give information to Kirby Smith of the movements of the fleet, while at their supper.

While making arrangements to get the sunken steamer out of their way, word was brought from Banks that the army was in full retreat to Grand Ecore, and ordering the fleet to return without delay.

This was easier said than done. The troops were already disembarked, pickets had been thrown out, and while anticipating the arrival of Banks' main army, which was to meet them at this point, they were hurriedly re-embarked and the boats headed down stream. There was every reason to expect trouble, as there would have been if General Taylor's advice had been followed, and a heavy force of infantry and artillery thrown forward to Blain's Ferry.

The banks were high above the decks of the boats, and the pilot houses could easily have been rendered uninhabitable by sharpshooters on the alert for human prey. General E. Kirby Smith, however, satisfied with the retreat of Banks towards Grand Ecore, had withdrawn most of his infantry to Shreveport and set out from there to meet Steele, who was reported to be on his way from Camden, Arkansas, to join Banks at Shreveport. In this expedition Smith was successful, and after driving this new antagonist beyond reach of interference with his base of supplies, he returned and joined Taylor in his operations against Banks. Polignac's division was left with Taylor as a support to the cavalry under Green, who moved at once towards the river, striking it above Bayou Pierre with a portion of the cavalry, leaving the remainder to follow in the wake of the army.

The movement of the flotilla down the river was greatly impeded by several large transports, taken up the river against Porter's advice, that were constantly running aground, and the gunboats and light transports were kept busily employed in getting them off the sand-bars.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY.

At Graff's Bluff, Green planted a battery and made his dispositions to stop the fleet, which, aware of his proximity, commenced shelling the woods. At about 3 p. m. on the 12th of April a tremendous fire of musketry and artillery broke upon the rear of the fleet. Porter says: "I did not fear for the result, but the battle lasted so long I at last turned the head of the Cricket up stream to join in the fray, and met a gunboat coming down, whose captain told me it was all over, and the rebels had fled. So I tied up to the bank, when the firing recommenced and lasted until nearly sunset—in all two hours. In this fight General Green was killed. He led his men to the very edge of the stream, where, while encouraging them by voice and example, he had his head blown off by an eleven-inch shell. The Osage and Lexington, of the gunboats, and the Hastings, General Kilby Smith's headquarters boat, took the principal part in the affair. Several of the boats were aground, and the gunboats were engaged in pulling them off when the action commenced, and the Hastings, the nearest boat, was tied up to the bank."

General Smith says: "I ordered the Hastings to 'cast off,' and, just as we got under way, the battery opened upon us, the first shot falling short, the others over us; their practice was defective. Getting a good position upon the opposite shore, I opened upon them with one section of Lieutenant Tiemeyer's battery, one gun of which was mounted on the hurricane deck of the Emerald; the siege guns, which were upon the forcastle of the Rob Roy, and a howitzer from the deck of the Black Hawk, the latter being admirably handled by Colonel Albert, of General Banks' staff. We killed their battery horses, and they changed position repeatedly, moving their guns up by hand. Meantime their sharpshooters had deployed up the river, and, sheltered behind the cottonwood that lined the bank immediately opposite the boats, they poured in an incessant fire. My soldiers were all upon the hurricane decks, protected by cotton-bales, bales of hay, and sacks of oats,—sufficient barricade to rifle balls,—enabling them to mark the enemy with deadly aim."

The Neosho now came down and poured in canister from her heavy guns, while the Osage, Lexington and Hindman swept the banks with an enfilading fire from above and below.

Taylor attributed the failure of the attack to the death of General Green, but the probabilities were evidently against the attacking party from the outset of the engagement.

THE FLEET ARRIVES AT GRAND ECORE.

Bayou Pierre stretched its wide waste of waters below the Confederates, preventing them from following the retreating transports, which stood not upon the order of their going when the firing ceased; but the banks were lined all the way with cover for the sharpshooters of Liddell's cavalry on the opposite shore, aided by the inhabitants, who, never so bloodthirsty as when there is no danger to be faced, poured upon the hapless fleet a rain of rifle balls. The next day the transport John Warner got aground in the middle of the stream and held the fleet all day, when Liddell got in his work with his battery. The boats were huddled together, many of them laden with inflammable stores. The Rob Roy, with the siege guns and ammunition—a valuable cargo,—was unmanageable, her rudder being broken. Fortunately the Confederate battery was soon silenced by the Osage, and the danger was passed with little loss. On the 14th all were delighted, on approaching Compte, to see the well-known flags of the 16th corps waving in the breeze. Admiral Porter had pushed on to Grand Ecore and notified General A. J. Smith, who, with a brigade of troops, at once set out for Compte, arriving just in time to occupy the place in advance of the Confederates. Thus, by courageous conduct and good management on the part of Admiral Porter's gunners and General Kilby Smith's troops of the 17th corps, the entire fleet arrived safely at Grand Ecore. Finding the water falling, Porter sent down his largest boats to Alexandria, which, with the exception of the Eastport, arrived safely. She was only slightly injured, and should have been saved. She was five hours sinking, but there were no pumps of sufficient capacity to save her.

EN ROUTE TO ALEXANDRIA.

On the 21st of April the army of General Banks took up the line of march to Alexandria, whence the expedition had marched out with colors flying for Shreveport a month before. Colonel Gooding's cavalry brigade formed the advance, Davis' brigade flanked it on the right bank of Cane River, and Lucas' brigade acted as rear-guard.

Taylor draws a sorry picture of the evacuation of Alexandria by the Union forces. He says, in a letter to Adjutant-General Anderson, dated April 24: "Banks has some 15,000 with him; the others have gone down in the boats. The enemy burned immense stores in Grand Ecore and threw much in the river which we will recover. He was burning property all last night, the fire lighting the horizon. I think he will try to escape by crossing at Calhoun's; but Liddell should impede him much, while Wharton and Polignac worries his rear."

Taylor found the use of sand-bags used by the Union troops as fortifications useful for holding shelled corn and at once ordered them emptied and utilized for that purpose. Negroes were impressed to shell corn and forward it at once as food for man and beast. Confederate soldiers had little opportunity for the cultivation of epicurean tastes.

From the day of starting, Taylor pushed the pursuit vigorously, skirmishing constantly with the rear-guard. The road taken by the 13th and 19th corps crossed Cane River two miles below Grand Ecore and followed that stream to a ferry farther down. The crossing of the trains was completed by 2 a. m. of the 22d, followed by the troops. The troops of the 16th and 17th corps crossed at Monette's Ferry, where Taylor attacked his rear.

The pursuit was, indeed, so vigorous as to cause General Smith to halt and form line of battle. Franklin says: "At 3 p. m. word was received from Brigadier-General Smith that his troops were in line of battle, and that the enemy was pressing him heavily. Upon this the remaining troops in rear of the trains, the commands of Generals Emory and Cameron, were formed in line, but the attack on the rear not proving formidable, the march in column was resumed at about 4 o'clock p. m."

This episode is referred to by General Smith as follows: "Twice during the march we were obliged to form line and teach them a lesson. At Clouterville, on the 23d, they charged the rear division, General E. Kilby Smith, but he repulsed them neatly and thoroughly after about an hour's fighting." This, however, was preliminary to a more serious engagement in the front, where General Bee was in position with Majors Bagley's and De Bray's brigades of cavalry and four batteries of artillery to dispute the crossing of Cane River.

CANE RIVER CROSSING.

General Arnold's cavalry division, consisting of Gooding's brigade in advance, Davis' on the left, and Crebb's in reserve, moved out of camp at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, and soon found the enemy. There was no halt in the column, however; the advance pushed steadily on, driving their antagonists across Cane River, where the Confederate position was developed. General Bee had selected a position naturally strong, defended on the flanks by his artillery, which had full sweep of the open plain in his front. To carry these batteries by assault involved a charge across an open plain, through a dense wood, up an incline to the crest of a ridge one hundred feet in height. General Emory, who commanded on this occasion, determined at once upon a flank movement, and for this purpose formed a column composed of General Birge's brigade of Grover's division, the 3d brigade of his own division, now commanded by Colonel Fessenden, and a detachment of the 13th corps, under General Cameron, all under command of General Birge, with orders to move three miles up the river and cross out of sight of the enemy, turning his left flank. While this movement was in progress artillery was brought to the front and opened upon Bee's guns. McMillan moved forward with the two remaining brigades of Emory's division, and formed line of battle. Davis, with his cavalry brigade, moved to the left to look for a crossing in that direction, with orders to threaten the enemy's right flank and hold himself in readiness to pursue if Birge's attack succeeded. The line of march of the infantry, traversed by muddy bayous, high and sharp ridges covered by dense pine thickets, was so difficult that the sun was fast sinking when the column emerged from the wood and made its attack. When it broke upon his flank, General Bee was directing an attack upon the batteries in his front, which was handsomely repulsed by the 116th New York, of McMillan's brigade, and the 2d New York cavalry, dismounted, led by Colonel Chrysler, who, in swift pursuit, under cover of

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COL. ROE'S NEW STORY.

Founded on Incidents Connected With the War for the Union.

THE GRAY AND THE BLUE.

Batteries of War, of Galvanism and of Love.

MIST AND SUNSHINE.

How Genevieve Came to Reject the Captain's Offer.

By Lt.-Col. E. E. Roe, Author of "Brought to Bay," &c.

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CHAPTER IV.

MIST AND SUNSHINE.

Sunday morning opened with a drizzle—something between a fog and a rain. The city had doffed much of its usual smoky canopy in honor of the day, but was dark and dripping instead. Seen from the cupola of The Hermitage, even so much as was ordinarily visible had a hazy, distant look, dim and shadowy, on a foggy background. The great dome of the court-house looked like a distant mountain of mist, and the statue of Benton in the park pointed to the Pacific in vain—the arm was invisible. On the river the long line of boats looked like the Flying Dutchman's ship multiplied by fifty, and not a soul on board—the fog and the mist were passengers and crew. The great steel bridge appeared, projected in mid-air, to disappear in the murky distance, and the brown, boiling river threw up mire and clay in unceasing ebullition.

At the Hermitage everything was dripping. Genevieve and her companion raised a window and looked out upon the scene. It was dripping from the eves above them in tinkling drops upon the metallic roof of the conservatory. It was dripping from the porches and the fries about their columns; dripping from the fences and the great arched gate-way; from every tree and shrub and flower; from arbor, and vine, and trellis, and from the fowls, which crept beneath the evergreens for shelter, and the drooping pigeons on the dove-cote. It was dripping everywhere.

"Oh, isn't it too bad!" said Jane, turning with a look of vexation to Genevieve.

"The weather? Why, we are not going out."

"No; but——"

"But you think the gentlemen will not come out to dinner? Yes, they will."

"In all this rain?"

"It is not raining, and the road is fine;—it is only mist."

"Who did the doctor say was coming besides Captain Adams?"

"I didn't hear the other's name."

"Ah, Vieve! You can hear but one name."

"No, when no other is mentioned. I remember, now, the doctor said Captain Adams and a friend; he did *not* speak his name."

"Well, well; you are right, Vieve—and now I must write to mother."

And this was Jane Waterbury's letter:

THE HERMITAGE,
ST. LOUIS (Mo.) P. O.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Such a strange thing has happened! I scarcely slept all night for thinking of it. Dr. Chartervale owns The Hermitage, and I will write to you about it and him some other time. His wife is Genevieve Cauldwell's cousin, and I came here by invitation of Vieve to spend Sunday. Poor Mrs. Chartervale is deaf and dumb and blind! She can only communicate by telegraph, and keeps a girl to interpret for her. Well, I was introduced to her—Mrs. Chartervale—by telegraph, and she asked for my full name; and when she learned what it was she *said that was my mother's name, too!* I told her it was, and then she told me my father's name, and said she was at your wedding. Oh, isn't it wonderful? I was so surprised and delighted that I behaved strange, and could hardly speak. When I asked if my mother might call and see her she said she would be delighted to have you come. Oh, dear me! it seems impossible that all our troubles are going to end by the help of this poor deaf and blind lady. She is a lady, mother—and I am sure she knows all about your marriage, and my birth, and my father's death, and my kinfolks in Ohio. Do have Uncle Langdon send you here to see Mrs. Chartervale right away. I can hardly wait. It will be vacation at Monticello about the time you would get here, and I might go home with you. Please ask Uncle Langdon about it, and have him come with you if possible. The Hermitage is like a palace, and the good Doctor Chartervale will give you a warm welcome as long as you choose to stay.

Remember! Mrs. Chartervale was *at your wedding*, and she knows all about it. Take a carriage at the wharf and tell the driver to drive you to The Hermitage. The drivers all know where it is.

Your loving daughter,
JANE L. WATERBURY.

By the time breakfast was over the mist had blown away, the sun shone out, and the ruddy beams were kissing the shining drops from leaves and flowers with promise of a pleasant day. From the city in the distance,—over Benton Park and over Shaw's Garden—that wonderful garden,—through the calm June atmosphere the Sabbath bells were heard at The Hermitage. An unwonted silence prevailed, measured and emphasized by the song of birds near by and the far-off bass of an occasional steamer's signal, mellowed by distance into music. Genevieve and her companion sat upon a balcony, musing in silence, in full sympathy with the scenes about them, each busy with her own thoughts,—not uttering and not meaning ever to speak them to each other.

"How strange," thought Jane, "how passing strange! that I should find in this queenly-looking lady—deaf, dumb, and blind though she be—the one witness in all the world who can wipe away the shame which has so long overshadowed my mother and myself. From my very birth my name has been tainted. For my good uncle's sake talkers have kept silent and have permitted me to wear my father's name; but too long and too often have I borne their looks of taunt and words of innuendo. Thank God! it is almost ended. And my mother, scorned by my Yankee uncle in Ohio and pitied by her kindred at home—that, too, will be ended. Oh, I can hardly believe it is real. My father's estate will be mine, though I count that as nothing—meaner than nothing—beside the proud privilege of wearing his name in the face of all the world!"

While these thoughts were filling the mind of Jane, Genevieve was building castles in the air and overturning them with her own hands!

"How I wish he had never been a Federal soldier! My brother will not be silent—no, never! He hates them all with an utter hatred. But he has never seen *him*, or he might—— And yet I once hated them myself. They burned my father's house and drove my pain-stricken mother, with me as a babe in her arms, to the shelter of the earth and sky. They had nearly

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